

IZZY'S VACATION

HARRY L. NEWTON'S One-Act Comedy Sketches, Monologues and Dramatic Episodes

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M. WITMARK & SONS,
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IZZY'S VACATION

A Summer Episode in Two Scenes

By

HARRY L. NEWTON

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CHARACTERS.

IZZY GOLDBERG.....*A Young Hebrew*

GRACE HOWE.....*A Summer Girl*

TIME.—This afternoon.

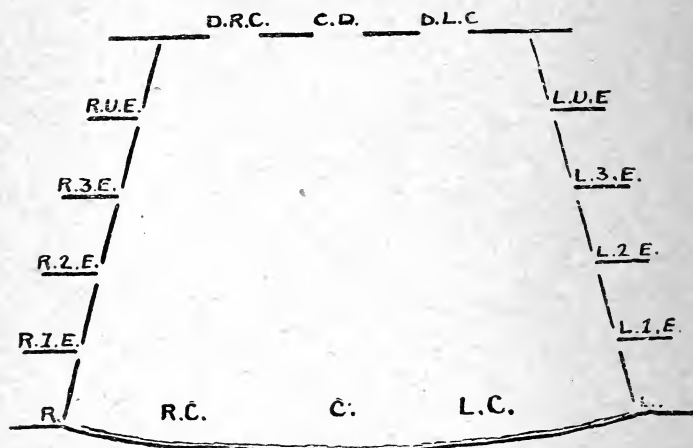
PLACE.—A quiet spot in the country.

COSTUMES.

GRACE HOWE—Handsome outing costume. Wear: her hair down her back in braids. In Scene II she may change dress if so desired.

IZZY GOLDBERG—White flannel or duck suit, much too large for him. He carries suit case and a small bag, and has several fishing poles strapped on his back.

DIAGRAM OF STAGE.



AUDIENCE.

- L. 1. E.—Left first entrance.
- R. 1. E.—Right first entrance.
- L. U. E.—Left upper entrance.
- C.—Centre of stage.
- R. C.—Right centre of stage.
- L. C.—Left centre of stage.
- C. D.—Centre door
- D. R. C.—Door right centre.
- D. L. C.—Door left centre.

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SCENE I.—A country road in I.

(At rise of curtain the orchestra plays chorus of "In the Good Old Summer Time." Enter GRACE, followed by Izzy. She stops at C., and whirls about abruptly upon him; he almost collides with her, in comedy manner—then he drops suit case and bag to floor with a bang.)

GRACE *(Indignantly and rapidly)*—Well, of all the unmitigated, unlimited, unforeseen, unabashed nerve, you surely possess it! You, an entire stranger to me, having the stupendous audacity to deliberately follow and accost me, and without any cause or provocation whatsoever! It is unjustifiable in the extreme, and but for the fact that I was an eye-witness to your behavior, would believe it an utter impossibility that such a thing could happen. *(Pauses for him to answer, but he only stares at her in astonishment, then:)* Well, why don't you speak?

IZZY—I ain't had no introduction yet.

GRACE *(Laughs)*—I didn't suppose you spoke English.

IZZY—Sure I do, do you?

GRACE *(Indignantly)*—You understood what I said just now, didn't you?

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IZZY—Sure—part of it.

GRACE—Oh, I see! You're a Hebrew.

IZZY (*Aside*)—I wonder how she knew?

GRACE—I might have known that nobody but a Jew would have shown the nerve that you have. Jews are awfully scarce about here. There isn't a Jew in the village.

IZZY—That's why it's a village.

GRACE (*Laughs*)—Well, what do you do so they don't put you in jail for getting away with it?

IZZY—I'm a traveling man.

GRACE—Then you'd better keep on traveling.

IZZY—I'm on a vacation—

GRACE—Oh, you are? Well, you may take it from me this is *some* place you've come to.

IZZY—What's de matter vid de place, yes?

GRACE—The first day you're here you're afraid you are going to die.

IZZY—Yes; and de second day?

GRACE—The second day you're afraid you won't.

IZZY—Oi, oi! And I'm here for three weeks; maybe four.

GRACE—I suppose you will go in bathing?

IZZY—Bathing? Bathing? No; I took a bath before I left home.

GRACE (*Laughs*)—And he's here for three weeks; maybe four. Never mind; you'll be "cleaned" before you leave, all right, all right. Are you married?

IZZY—No; I'm in business by myself.

GRACE—Did you come alone from the city?

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IZZY—No. Jakie Weingarten come mit me.

GRACE—Well, where is he?

IZZY—I t'ink Jakie he met mit a accident.

GRACE—You think he did? Don't you know? How did the accident happen?

IZZY—Vell, Jakie and I vos valking along de railroad track, and I hear a whistle, and I got off de track, and de train vent by, and I didn't see Jakie; but I valked along and purty soon I seen Jakie's hat, and I valked on and purty soon I seen one of Jakie's legs, and then I seen one of Jakie's arms, and then another leg, and then over to vone side I seen Jakie's head, and I says: "By golly! Something muster happened to Jakie!"

(GRACE gives him a look from head to foot, then walks all around him with her eyes upon him, then exits. He sings song and exits.)

SCENE II.—Full stage, wood setting, with meadow or mountain drop. At back is a hidden brook, with shrubbery growing on its banks. At L. of C. there is a "prop" pile of stones. Grace is discovered sitting on pile of stones. She holds fishing pole with hook dangling in brook. She sings song, after which a noise of dog barking off stage, wild shouts, etc., and Izzy dashes on stage, stops at C., and looks back, shaking with fright. He has a fish-pole in one hand. Grace rises and comes down stage, laughing.

GRACE (*Laughing*)—What's the trouble?

IZZY—Oi, oi! Vat a fright! I got it a headache

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in the head. Dot dog vos going to make it a meal from me.

GRACE—Nonsense! He wouldn't bite. Look, he's wagging his tail. (*Points off at supposed dog.*)

IZZY—Yes, and he's growling, too; vich end am I going to believe?

GRACE—Well, never mind the dog. What I want to speak to you about is this: My father is going to open a butcher shop.

IZZY—My brother Ikie opened a butcher shop once—twelve o'clock at night.

GRACE—That was a queer time to open one.

IZZY—Yes; dot's what de judge said.

GRACE—Is he in business yet?

IZZY—No; he's in jail yet.

GRACE—Oh, I see! He's a black sheep.

IZZY—No; he vos trying to get the sheep from de butcher shop.

GRACE—Oh, well, we're all liable to mistakes!

IZZY—Yes; my brother Ikie took de steaks, too.

GRACE—That's too bad. How much *time* was he given?

IZZY—He vasn't given any. De policeman vas too quick for him.

GRACE—Well, that will probably teach him a lesson. When he gets out he'll probably start all over again.

IZZY—Yes, dot's what Ikie said. He says de next time he "starts" anything he bets he don't get caught.

GRACE—Well, that's quite enough about your

brother Ikie. I have no use for anybody with bad ways.

IZZY—Ikie says de butcher had bad weighs, too.

GRACE—No, no. I meant to say that your brother Ikie had been weighed and found wanting.

IZZY—Sure; I understand. Shoost like de meat de butcher weighs.

GRACE (*Laughs*)—You're not such a greenhorn as you look. I'm quite certain my father will like you and that the butcher shop will prove a good opening for you.

IZZY—Dat's what my brother Ikie thought.

GRACE—And as for work, that's a mere trifle. It will be so easy, in fact, that my father will be ashamed to look at you when he hands you your money Saturday night.

IZZY—Maybe, den, I better take money ven your father von't be looking at me.

GRACE—No, no; you mustn't do that. As I said before, the work is nothing. For instance, you get up at 2 A. M.

IZZY—I get up at 2 A. M.? Say, vat time do I go to bed?

GRACE—Oh, you'll get to bed about 12 o'clock, I think. That will give you two hours sleep. Just think of it—two hours of sound, refreshing sleep!

IZZY—Do you t'ink your father could spare me dat long?

GRACE—As to that I cannot say. However, he'll try two hours to start with, then you might have to cut it down to one hour. You see, you are working

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in a butcher shop, and it will be an easy matter to "cut off" an hour or two. Now, upon arising, you repair immediately to the back yard and pick some chickens.

IZZY—Whose back yard?

GRACE—Why, father's back yard, of course! What's wrong?

IZZY—I wouldn't like it. Some of de hens might be "laying" for me.

GRACE—Oh, stop your fooling. Now the first thing in the morning you will have to pick three hundred chickens.

IZZY—Vell, how do I know ven dey are ripe?

GRACE—Say, did you ever pick a chicken? I'm not talking about grapes or watermelons. Did you ever pick a chicken?

IZZY—Sure—lots of 'em.

GRACE—Then you know how it's done.

IZZY—Sure.

GRACE—Suppose you show me how you pick a chicken.

IZZY (*Business of straightening tie, hat, etc.; then he walks a few steps, smiles, takes off hat and bows*)—Ah, there, little one; vich vay are you going dis evening?

GRACE (*Angrily*)—Oh, that's the limit! Now, see here. Please pay a little attention. Now, we'll suppose that my father's butcher shop is open and ready for business. You are back of the counter and Mrs. Jones comes in. She is one of our best customers, and you must treat her accordingly.

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IZZY—Vat do I treat her to—beer or vine?

GRACE—Neither, you blockhead. See here. I'll be Mrs. Jones. It's a nice morning, and I'm going out to do my shopping and marketing. You are standing back of the counter as I enter the shop.

IZZY—Vat time do you enter de shop?

GRACE—Why, I just explained it was in the morning!

IZZY—Oh, I t'ought it vos in de middle of de night, like my brother Ikie!

GRACE—No, no. Now I'm Mrs. Jones. (*Walks away a few steps and then comes back to him.*) Good morning, butcher. Isn't it a fine morning, though? How are your kidneys this morning?

IZZY (*Puzzled*)—My kidneys?

GRACE—Yes, your kidneys. How are they?

IZZY—Fine. How are yours?

GRACE (*Angrily*)—Oh, it's no use; no use! You are simply impossible. I want to tell you right here and now that your family has my deepest and sincerest sympathy. And I feel awfully sorry for your poor parents, especially your poor mother. How many children did your mother have?

IZZY—Five.

GRACE—Five altogether, eh?

IZZY—No. Von at a time.

(*Cue for Song and Dance number. After Song and Dance they take their fishing poles and throw the hooks into the brook. They make two or three casts, then Izzy says: "Dere is no fish here. Ve got de wrong place. Let's try de odder side."* Then

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they come down to front of stage, throw their lines into audience, hook up a wig or woman's piece of hair, then exit to laugh—or use a song for finish.)

CURTAIN.

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